

JULY
9-17



100%
7

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

**GETS
CAUGHT
IN THE
GRIP OF
SPADEHEAD!**

T
9-21





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Famous BANNER FIREWORKS!

ZIP! BOOM! BANG!
OH-Boy!

This year don't be satisfied with just buying fireworks. Get the best—Get the most for your money—don't be disappointed—Get BANNER FIREWORKS with those new startling creations. BANNER FIREWORKS have all the ZIP-BOOM-BANG you expect of fireworks.

**BUZZ BOMBS • STAR SHELLS
BLOCK BUSTERS • SIREN AERIAL BOMBS
ZIG ZAG WHISTLES • FLASHLIGHT CRACKERS**

and many others that will thrill and amaze you are just some of the newest creations that you get in this **BIG BARGAIN ASSORTMENT.**

**No. 1—SPECIAL \$11.25 DELUXE ASSORTMENT OF
MORE THAN 500 PIECES FOR ONLY \$4.95**

Other items in this giant assortment include Electric Cannon Salutes that will really rock you . . . Zig-Zag Musical Salutes, Black Snakes that amaze grown-ups as well as children . . . White Mule that really kicks, Silver and Gold Fountains, one of our most beautiful pieces—large size Black Humdingers (They're really a humdinger)—Whistling Devils whose devilish action will amaze you—3 Shot Automatic Repeating Bombs—

2 Shot repeating Aerial Flash Bombs—Cone Fire of Red, White and Blue display—Large Triangle Wheels—Sky Rockets that end in a majestic display of Red, White and Blue Stars—Zebra Flash Crackers, the loud kind—Flashlight Crackers—10 Ball Roman Candles—Comet Star Shells, the most beautiful night display ever offered and Sparklers for the little tots. Remember, you get over 500 pieces in all with a retail value of \$11.25 for only \$4.95.

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This assortment will give you plenty of noise and action. Selected and especially made up for boys who want to get a kick out of every last piece. You'll get those extra loud Electric Cannon Salutes—2 and 3 Shot Repeating

**EVERY PIECE
A REAL
NOISE-MAKER**

Aerial Bombs—Block Busters—Red Devils—Flash Salutes—Zig-Zag Musical Salutes—Flashlight Crackers—Star Shells—Black Humdingers and many others. More than 500 pieces—all for only \$4.95.

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WHILE STOCKS ARE COMPLETE**

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() No. 1 Big Deluxe Assortment . . . \$4.95
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() No. 3 Family Lawn Display . . . \$4.95

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Street

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BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. 748 446 CAPISTRANO TOLEDO 12, OHIO

PLASTIC MAN, July, 1948, No. 12. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazine, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as 2nd class matter Nov. 21, 1945 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 49th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U.S.A.

PLASTIC MAN

WHO PUTS THEM

INTO THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW?
WHY,

PLASTIC MAN

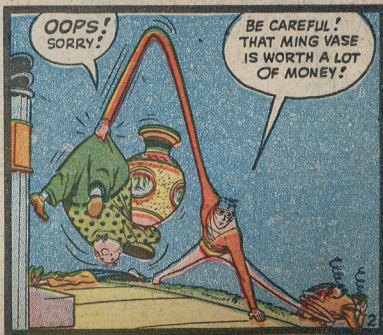
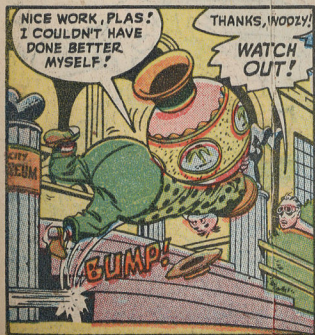
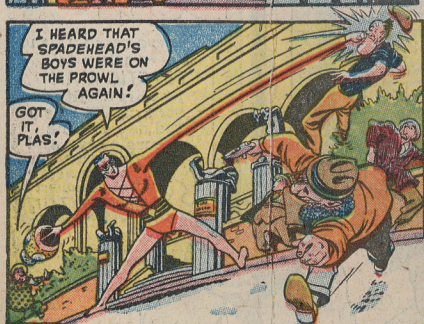
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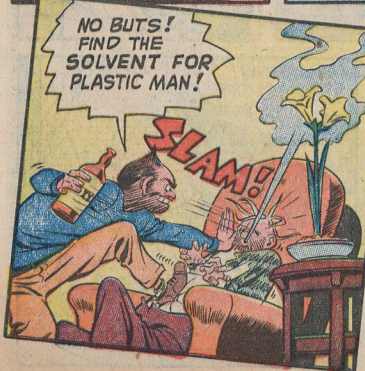
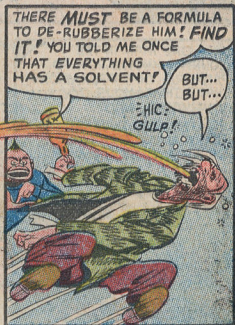
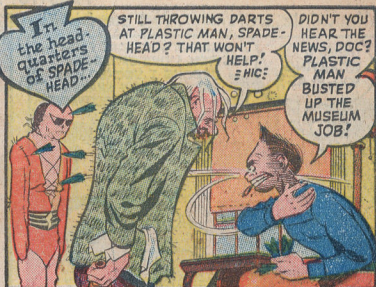
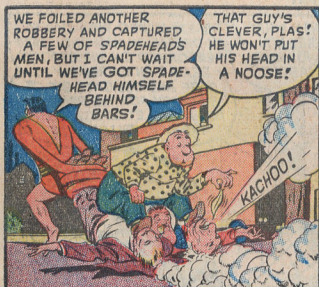
BUT-

there came a time
when

PLASTIC MAN
lost his ability to
stretch! It was a
sad day for the
forces of law and
a day of triumph
for the master
villain known as
SPADEHEAD!

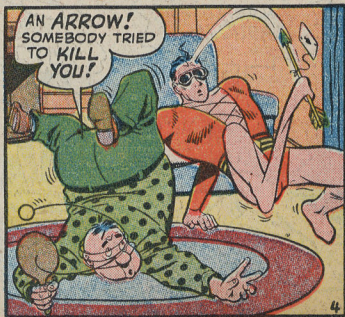
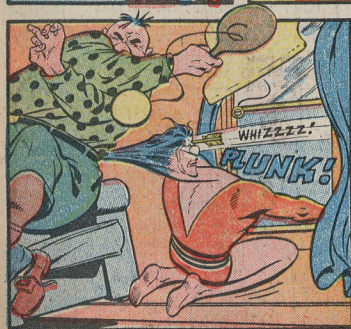
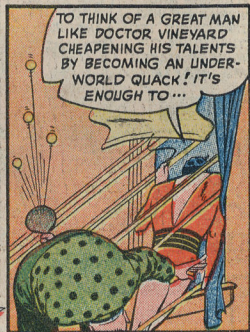
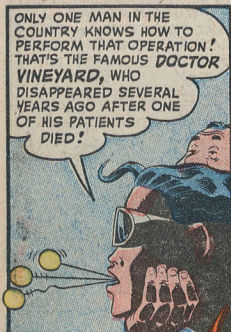
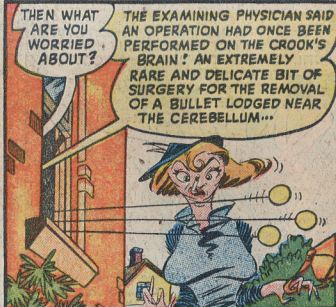
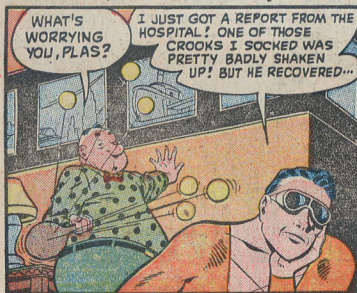


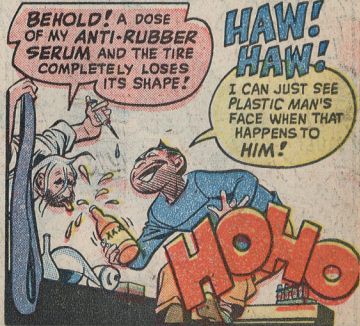
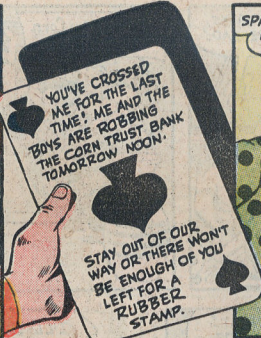
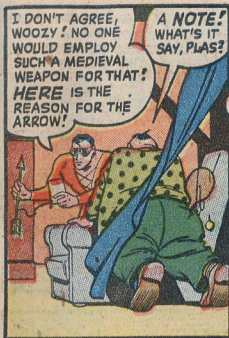




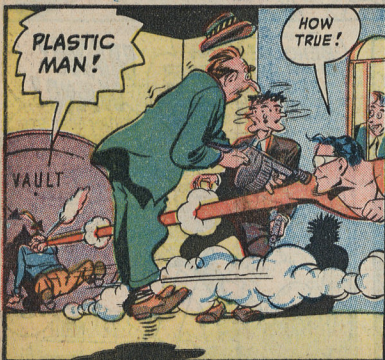
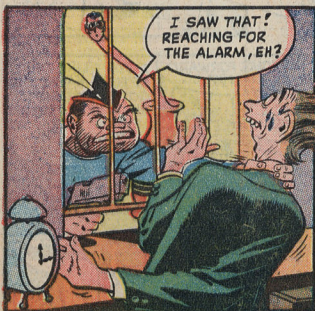
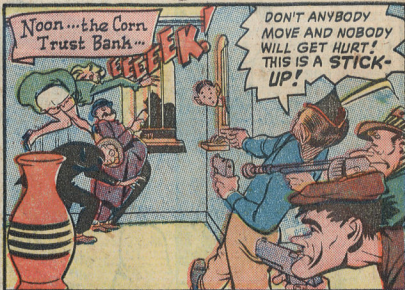
PLASTIC MAN

Meanwhile, in PLASTIC MAN'S apartment...

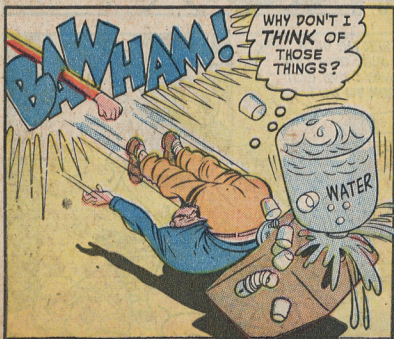
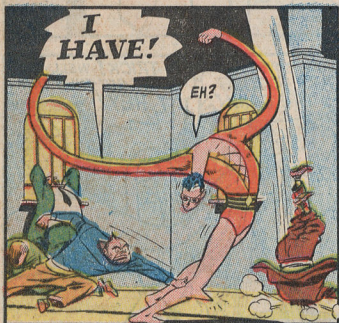
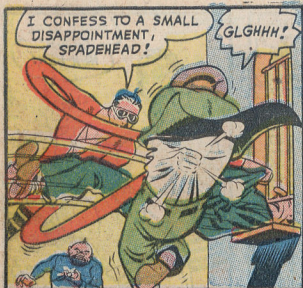




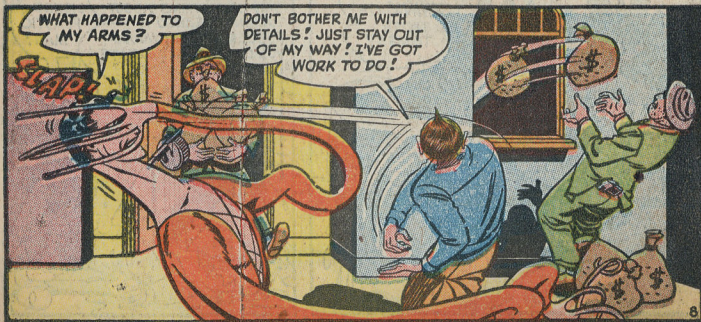
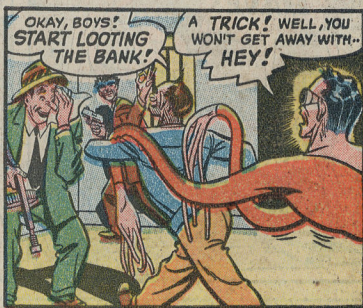
PLASTIC MAN

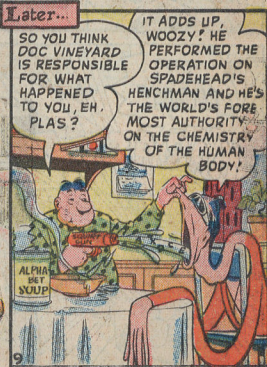
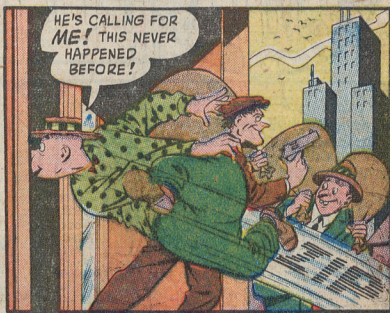
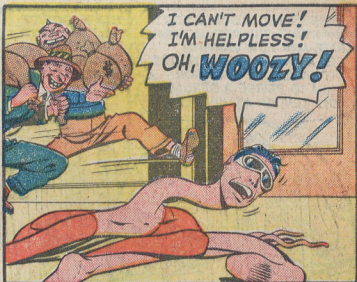
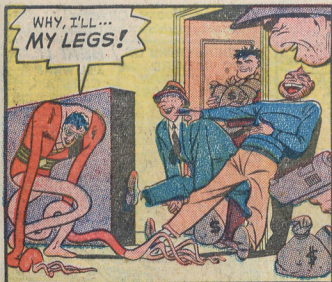


PLASTIC MAN



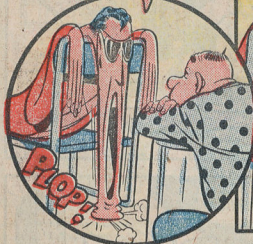
PLASTIC MAN





PLASTIC MAN

HE INVENTED SERUMS FOR CHANGING THE METABOLISM RATE AND FOR VARYING GLANDULAR SECRETIONS! IT WOULD BE EASY FOR HIM TO DEVISE A SERUM TO RENDER ME HELPLESS!



YOU'VE GOT TO FIND VINEYARD! WHEN YOU DO, TELL HIM BZZZ, BZZZ, BZZZ!

OKAY, PLAS! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!



And so, Woozy, carefully disguised, combs the underworld...

SEEN ANYTHING OF DOC VINEYARD LATELY? I'M AN OLD PAL OF HIS!

BEAT IT, OR I'LL WRAP A CUESTICK AROUND YOUR HEAD!

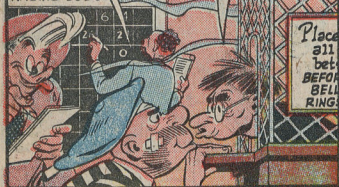


HAS DOC VINEYARD BEEN AROUND?

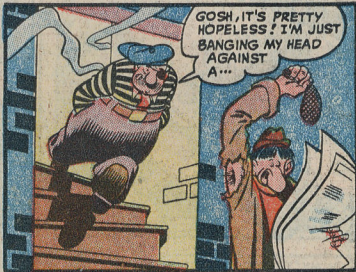
WHAT RACE IS HE RUNNING IN? NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

CASI

RACING ODDS



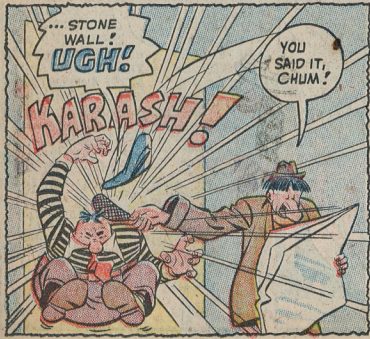
GOSH, IT'S PRETTY HOPELESS! I'M JUST BANGING MY HEAD AGAINST A...



... STONE WALL! UGH!

YOU SAID IT, CHUM!

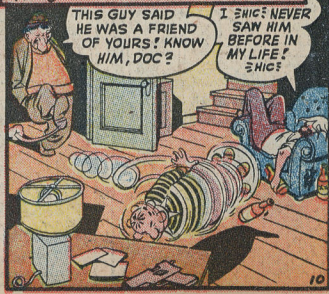
KARASH!



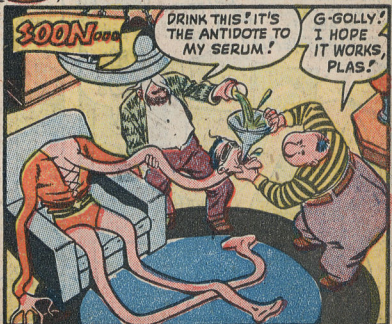
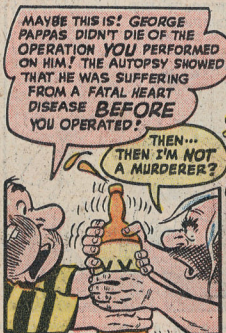
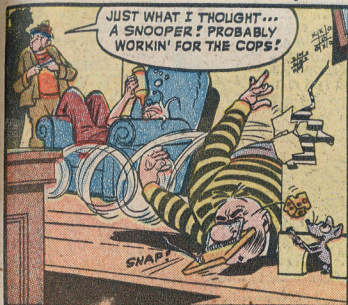
At last, by clever and persistent detective work, Woozy locates Doc Vineyard's hideout...

THIS GUY SAID HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS! KNOW HIM, DOC?

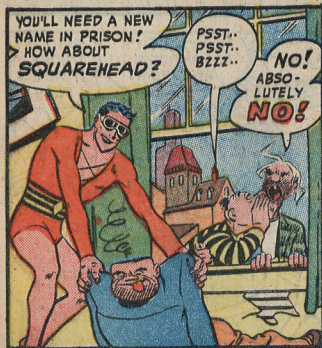
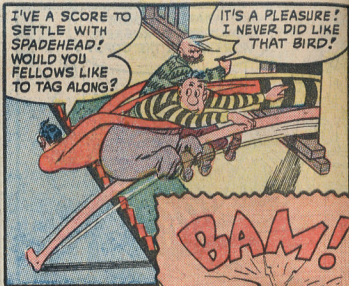
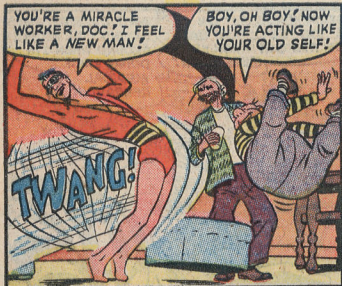
I ENIC NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE! ENIC!



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN





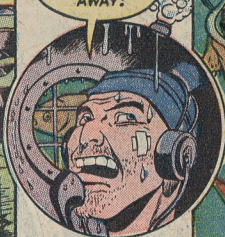
The river was his home and the source of his terrible, super-human power! When ordinary mortals invaded his domain, the wrath of **RIVERMAN** was terrifying to behold! It seemed for a while that even Plastic Man could not halt the bloody carnage of his vengeance!

PLASTIC MAN

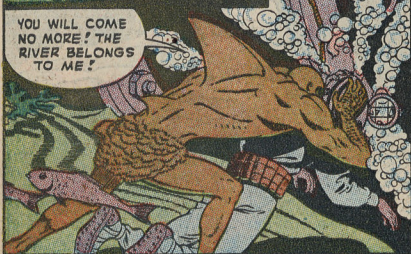
Eighteen fathoms deep, a diver works on the South River tunnel....



OKAY, THIS SECTION'S ALL SET! HAUL AWAY!



YOU WILL COME NO MORE! THE RIVER BELONGS TO ME!



HE'S DEAD! EVEN HIS HELMET IS CRUSHED!

UGH! WHAT MONSTROUS POWER COULD DO SUCH A THING?



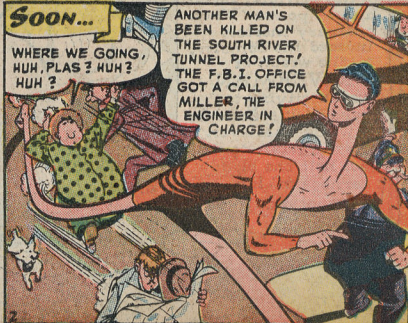
I-I CAN'T LOOK! THERE'VE BEEN TOO MANY SUCH ACCIDENTS! I-I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER....



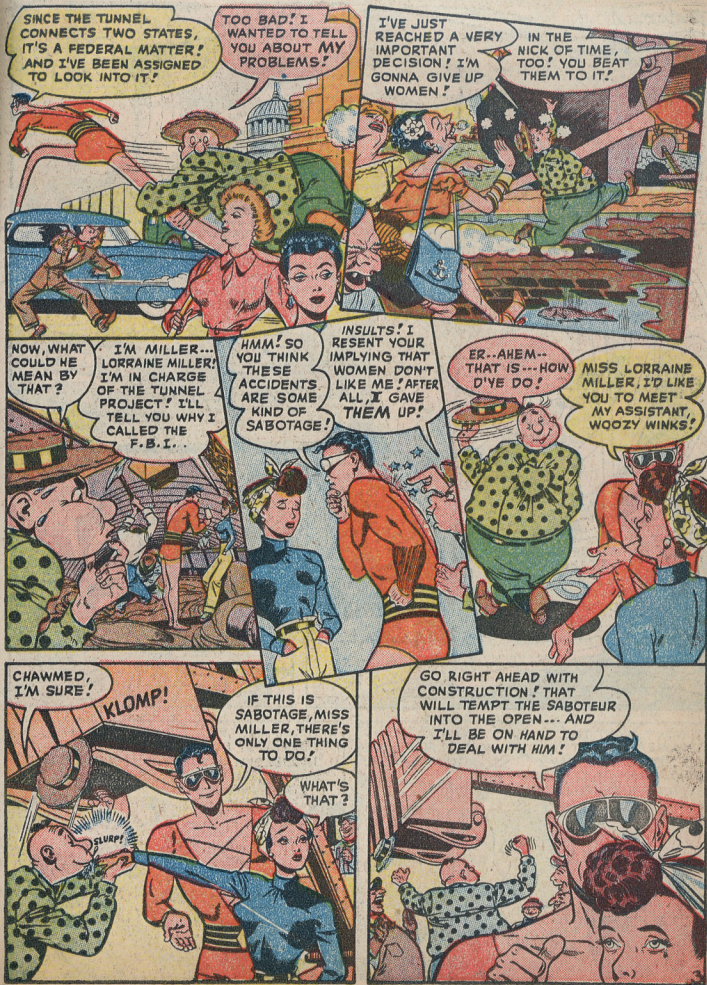
SOON...

WHERE WE GOING, HUH, PLAS? HUH? HUH?

ANOTHER MAN'S BEEN KILLED ON THE SOUTH RIVER TUNNEL PROJECT! THE F.B.I. OFFICE GOT A CALL FROM MILLER, THE ENGINEER IN CHARGE!

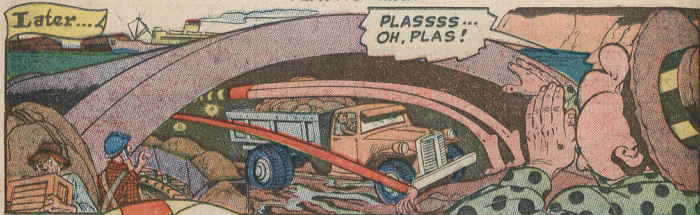


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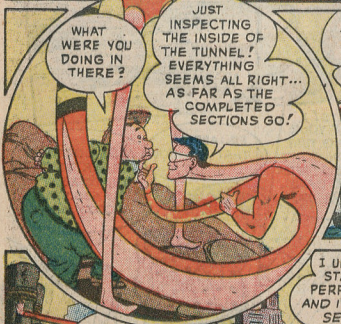


PLASTIC MAN

Later...



PLASSSS...
OH, PLAS!



WHAT
WERE YOU
DOING IN
THERE?

JUST
INSPECTING
THE INSIDE OF
THE TUNNEL!
EVERYTHING
SEEMS ALL RIGHT...
AS FAR AS THE
COMPLETED
SECTIONS GO!

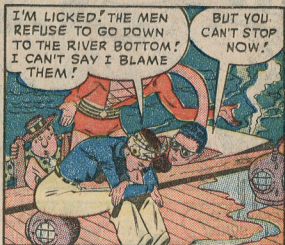
IF THERE ARE ANY SABOTEURS,
THEY MUST OPERATE FROM
OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL! PERHAPS
AN UNDERWATER CAVE OF SOME
KIND, WHENCE THEY EMERGE TO
ATTACK THE DIVERS?

THAT'S WHAT I
WANTED TO
TELL YOU!
THERE
AREN'T
ANY DIVERS!



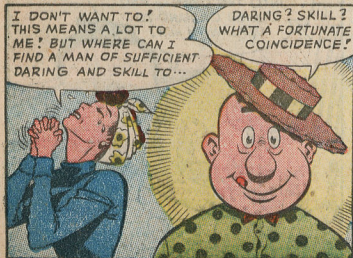
THEY REFUSE TO
DIVE! THEY WON'T
GO DOWN... UNDER
THE WATER, THAT IS!
TO PUT IT ANOTHER
WAY...

I UNDER-
STAND
PERFECTLY!
AND IT SOUNDS
SERIOUS!



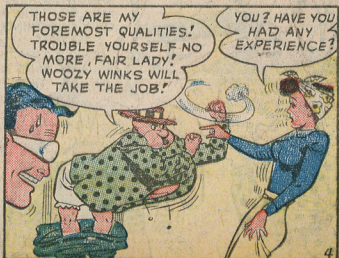
I'M LICKED! THE MEN
REFUSE TO GO DOWN
TO THE RIVER BOTTOM!
I CAN'T SAY I BLAME
THEM!

BUT YOU
CAN'T STOP
NOW!



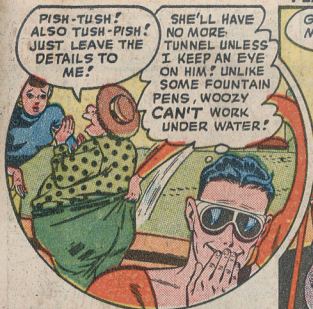
I DON'T WANT TO!
THIS MEANS A LOT TO
ME! BUT WHERE CAN I
FIND A MAN OF SUFFICIENT
DARING AND SKILL TO...

DARING? SKILL?
WHAT A FORTUNATE
COINCIDENCE!



THOSE ARE MY
FOREMOST QUALITIES!
TROUBLE YOURSELF NO
MORE, FAIR LADY!
WOOLY WINKS WILL
TAKE THE JOB!

YOU? HAVE YOU
HAD ANY
EXPERIENCE?



PISH-TUSH!
ALSO TUSH-PISH!
JUST LEAVE THE
DETAILS TO
ME!

SHE'LL HAVE
NO MORE
TUNNEL UNLESS
I KEEP AN EYE
ON HIM! UNLIKE
SOME FOUNTAIN
PENS, WOZZY
CAN'T WORK
UNDER WATER!



GOOD LUCK,
MR. WINKS!

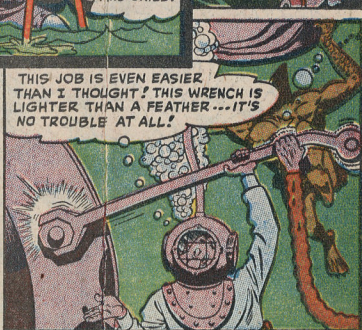
TOO BAD
PLAS ISN'T
HERE TO
WATCH THIS
EXHIBITION
OF DARING
AND SKILL!



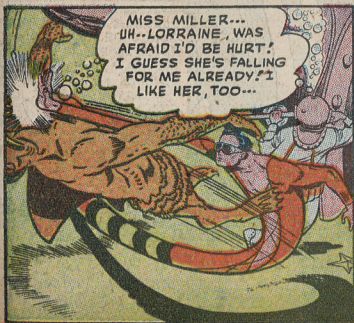
I'M SURPRISED HE
DIDN'T SHOW UP!
CAN IT BE THAT HE'S
JUST A TEENSY-
WEENSY LITTLE
BIT JEALOUS?



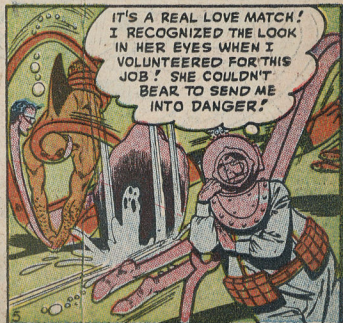
SO! ANOTHER FOOL
TRESPASSES ON MY
DOMAIN... HE WILL
PAY FOR HIS
RASHNESS!



THIS JOB IS EVEN EASIER
THAN I THOUGHT! THIS WRENCH IS
LIGHTER THAN A FEATHER...IT'S
NO TROUBLE AT ALL!

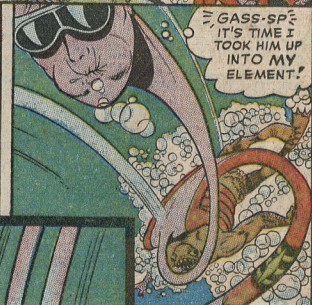
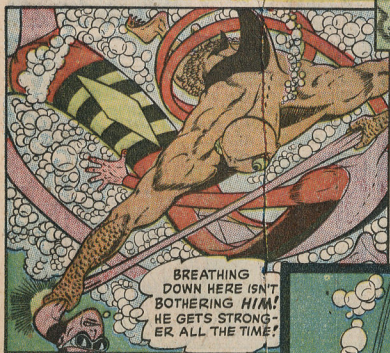
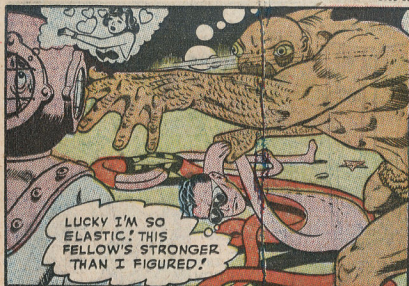


MISS MILLER...
UH--LORRAINE, WAS
AFRAID I'D BE HURT!
I GUESS SHE'S FALLING
FOR ME ALREADY! I
LIKE HER, TOO...

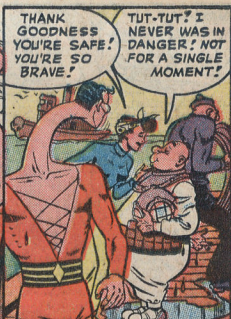
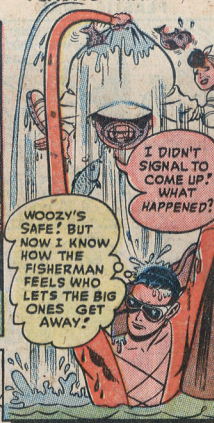
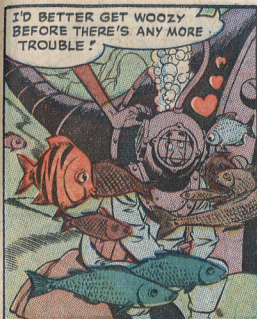


IT'S A REAL LOVE MATCH!
I RECOGNIZED THE LOOK
IN HER EYES WHEN I
VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS
JOB! SHE COULDN'T
BEAR TO SEND ME
INTO DANGER!

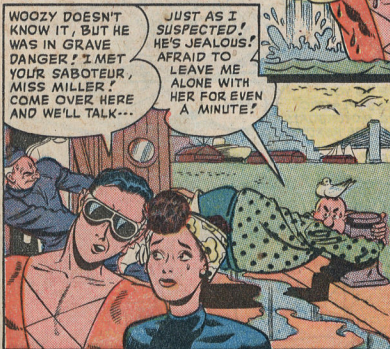
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



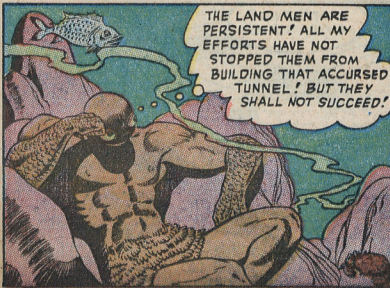
TUT-TUT! I NEVER WAS IN DANGER! NOT FOR A SINGLE MOMENT!



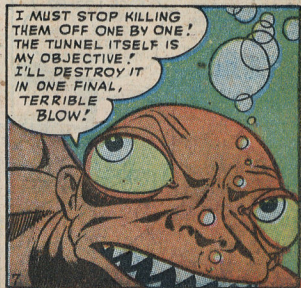
JUST AS I SUSPECTED! HE'S JEALOUS! AFRAID TO LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HER FOR EVEN A MINUTE!



BUT LOVE WILL FIND A WAY! PLAS CAN'T KEEP US APART! LORRAINE AND I WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER!

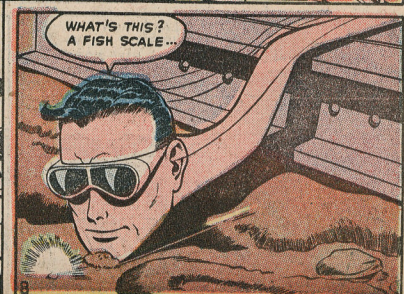
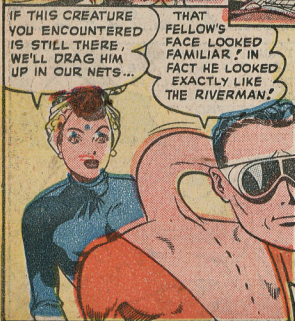
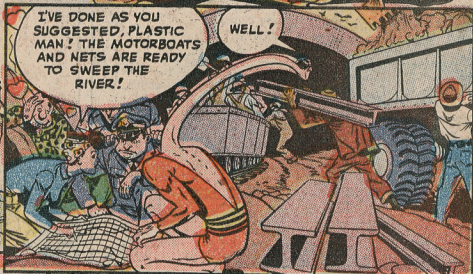
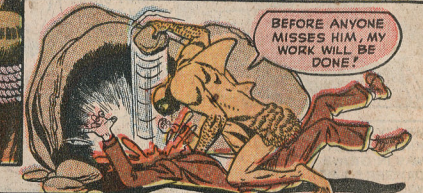


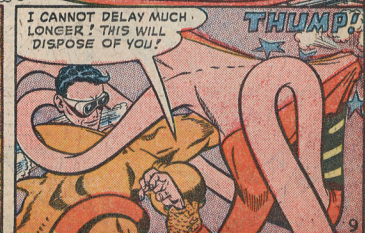
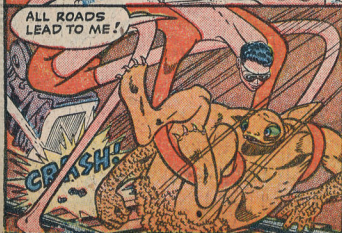
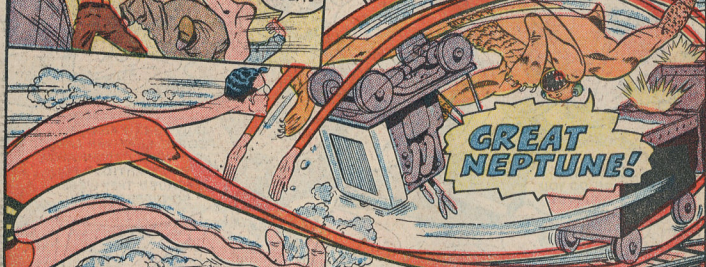
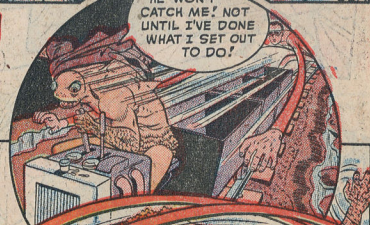
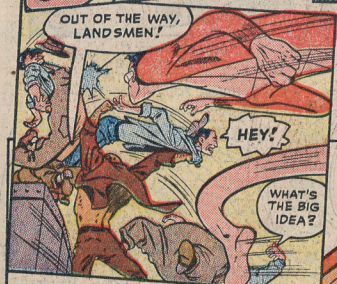
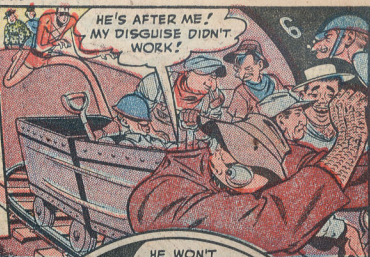
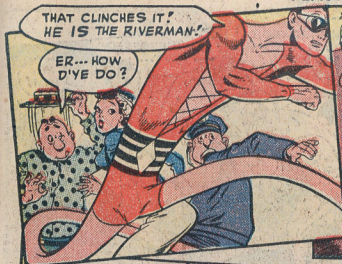
THE LAND MEN ARE PERSISTENT! ALL MY EFFORTS HAVE NOT STOPPED THEM FROM BUILDING THAT ACCURSED TUNNEL! BUT THEY SHALL NOT SUCCEED!



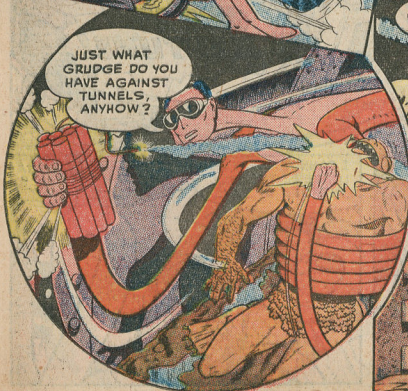
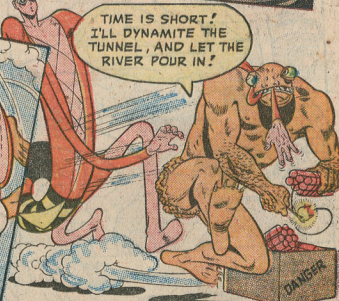
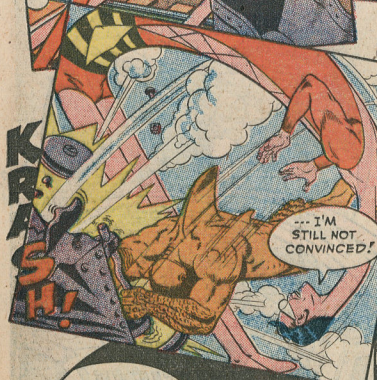
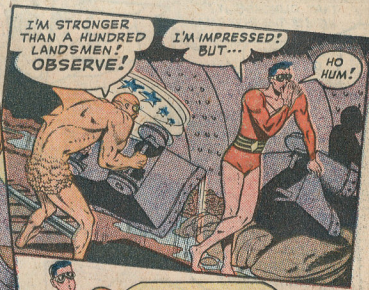
I MUST STOP KILLING THEM OFF ONE BY ONE! THE TUNNEL ITSELF IS MY OBJECTIVE! I'LL DESTROY IT IN ONE FINAL, TERRIBLE BLOW!

PLASTIC MAN





PLASTIC MAN

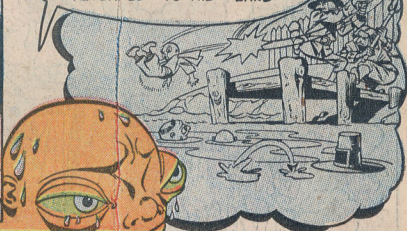
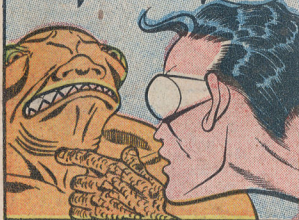


PLASTIC MAN

THEY SAID WE WERE NOT HUMAN! BECAUSE WE WERE BORN WITH GILLS...

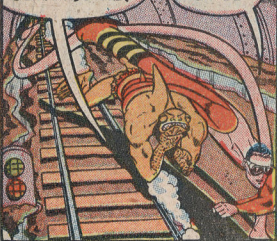
HMM! MEDICAL SCIENCE RECORDS SEVERAL SIMILAR CASES!

FISH-MEN, THEY CALLED US, AND DROVE US INTO THE RIVER! THERE WE STAYED, AND GRADUALLY WE LEARNED HOW TO USE OUR GILLS TO BREATHE UNDER WATER! WE NEVER... RETURNED--TO THE---LAND---



I AM...THE LAST... OF MY FAMILY! I LIVED...GASP! ALONE--UNTIL THE LANDSMEN TRIED... TO INVAD...MY DOMAIN GHOKE!

HE'S STRANGLING! THE AIR IN HERE MUST BE BAD FOR HIM! I'LL GET HIM OUT OF THE TUNNEL...



THE DOCTOR'S RIGHT! THE RIVERMAN LEARNED TO USE HIS GILLS TOO WELL! HE FORGOT HOW TO BREATHE AIR!

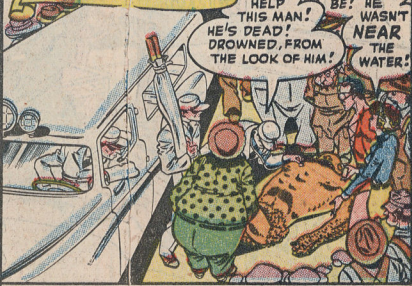
THEN HE DROWNED...FOR LACK OF WATER! WHAT A STRANGE FINISH! BUT NOW WE CAN GO AHEAD WITH OUR WORK!



But seconds later...

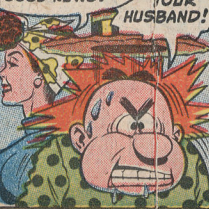
I CAN'T HELP THIS MAN! HE'S DEAD! DROWNED, FROM THE LOOK OF HIM!

THAT CAN'T BE! HE WASN'T NEAR THE WATER!



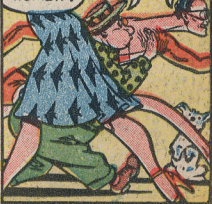
MY HUSBAND WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT! I'VE ONLY BEEN CARRYING FOR HIM UNTIL HE RECOVERS FROM AN OPERATION! I'LL CALL THE HOSPITAL AND TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS!

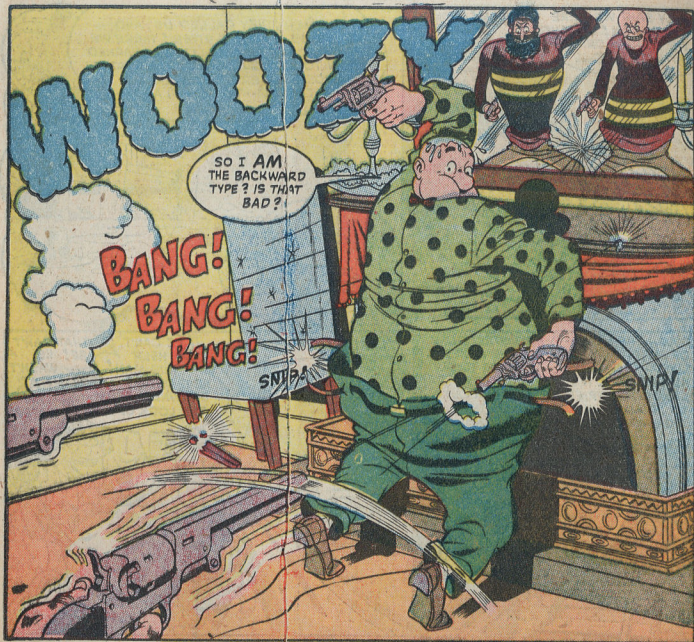
YOUR HUSBAND!



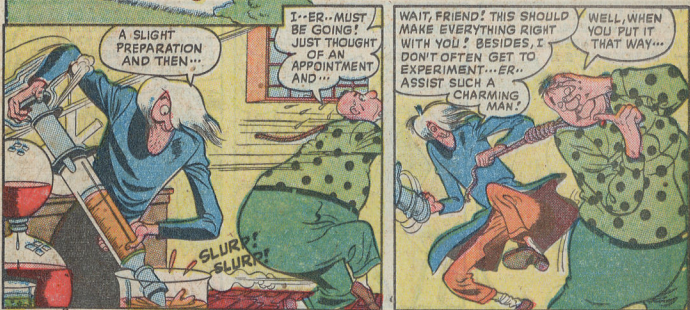
YA CAN'T TRUST ANY OF THEM! FAITHLESS, THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE! LEADING A MAN ON! YA KNOW, PLAS, I'M GONNA GIVE UP WOMEN!

AGAIN? HOW WILL THEY BE ABLE TO STAND IT?

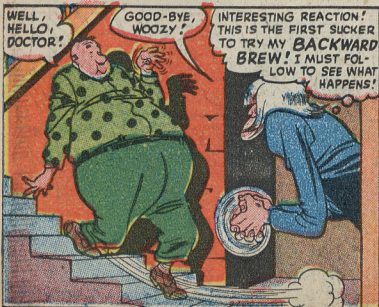
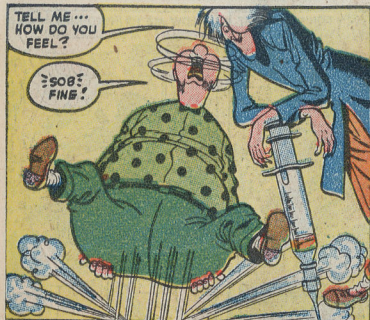




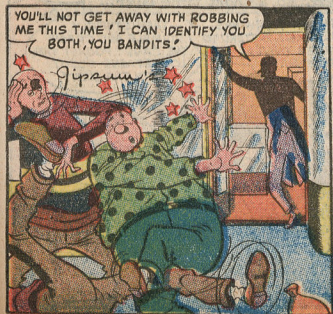
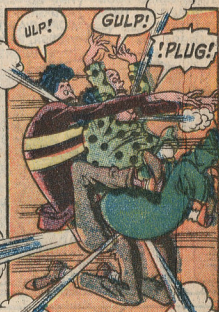
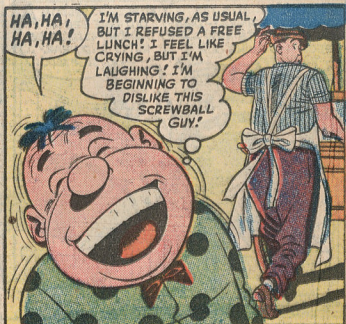
PLASTIC MAN



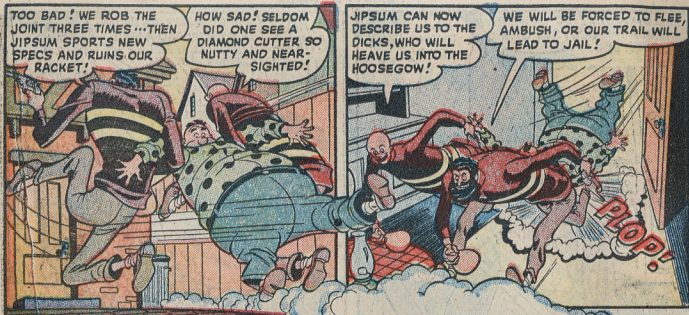
PLASTIC MAN



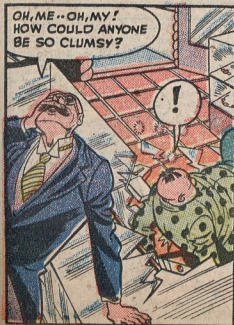
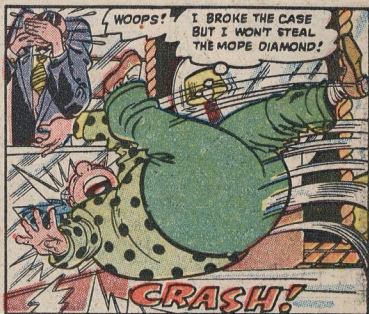
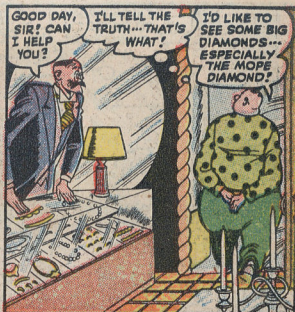
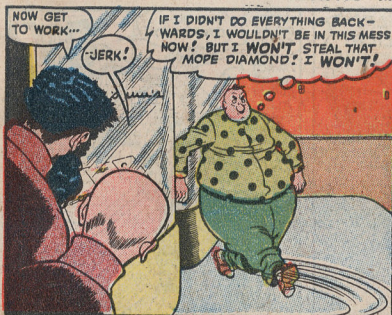
PLASTIC MAN



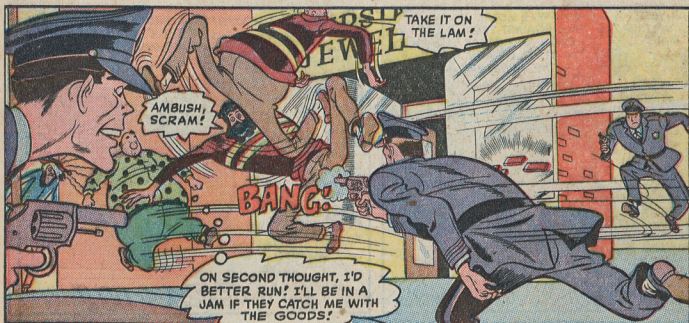
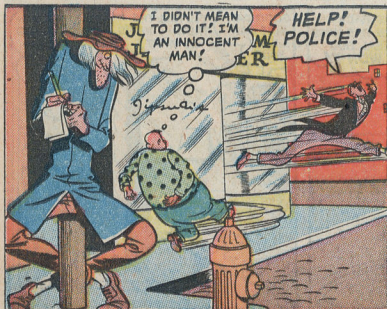
PLASTIC MAN



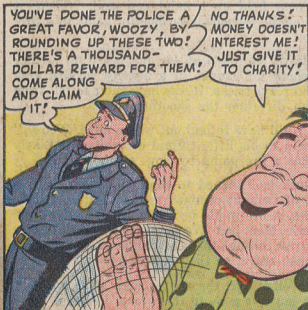
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



FIRE SIGN

THE sign read: CLOSED AREA. NO SMOKING OR FIRES. U. S. FOREST SERVICE.

Clyde Runyan looked at the sign and at the rough road leading into the wooded area. He put his car into gear and nosed in.

His wife said, "But Clyde, if we can't have a fire, how're we gonna cook?"

"We'll have a fire, all right," snorted Clyde. "These forestry fellows give me a laugh."

His wife wasn't satisfied. "But isn't it against the law, when there's a sign?"

Clyde chuckled. "So what? If we believed in every sign these days, we'd be in one heck of a spot. We're goin' camping in style. And here we go!"

Runyan drove his car for five miles, far into the closed area of Los Padres National Forest. It was a delightful forest, with trout streams and fine hunting. Of course, hunting was not allowed, it being a game preserve for most months of the year. But Clyde didn't worry about that. He was out for a good time and he meant to have it. Signs!

The Runyan family, including a three-year-old girl, found an excellent camping site near a babbling brook and pitched their tent. Clyde soon had a line out and almost before he knew what had happened a fat trout had taken his lure.

"Wow!" he shouted. "Mary, this is the best fishin' I ever had! Look at that baby!" He flipped the big two-pounder out on the bank.

Clyde had built a fire before beginning his casting, and now it was going good. There was little wind. Mary put some grease in the frying pan, cleaned the fish and, by the time it was ready to fry, Clyde got another strike. He was jubilant.

"Boy, is this somethin'!" he gurgled rapturously, removing the second trout.

The Runyans ate four beautiful rainbow trout for dinner. Clyde didn't have a fishing license, but so what?

Toward evening, he took up his small-calibre rifle and stated that he was going to look for game.

"Oh, Clyde, had you better?" asked Mary with a touch of fear in her face. "This is a game preserve, you said yourself."

"Shucks!" snorted Clyde. "Who'll know? I'll just wander near camp and mebbe get a crack at something. You hold the fort."

It was Woozy who heard the shot. He and Plastic Man were camped a mile away, near the Ranger's station. Plastic Man was on the mission which called for hunting down just such chaps as Clyde Runyan. It was a necessary measure, since this year had seen more serious forest and brush fires than any previous year. So the Forest Service had lured Plastic Man from the F. B. I. to do a little snooping.

For more than two days, the Ranger station had been untenanted; a raging fire a dozen miles distant had claimed every available man. Plastic Man and Woozy were holding down the place, as it were.

Woozy held up a hand and said, "There it goes again. Somebody is shootin' game in a preserve!"

Plastic Man bent an ear, but heard no further gunshots. Of course, in a heavily wooded area sound plays tricks. It was impossible to tell from which direction the shooting came.

"We'll have to find out where he is, Woozy," he said to his little rotund companion. "Likely he has a fire going by now. Come on!"

Dusk had turned to night suddenly, with a lack of twilight common to the Western Pacific slopes. A fire would be visible with the darkness. Plastic Man and Woozy set out, making slow progress through the heavy undergrowth, unused to such travel as they both were.

"Well," said the rubber man after an hour, "we must've gone in the wrong direction. Good thing I have this compass, or we couldn't find our way back to the station."

"We going back, Plas?" asked Woozy with a note of hope. "My dogs is barkin' somethin' awful."

"Yes," replied Plastic Man. "Might as well. We'll check on this guy in the morning."

Plodding back through the stygian gloom, the two suddenly heard a rapid fusillade of shots. They halted, listening. Another burst of a half dozen shots.

"But where is it coming from?" said Plastic Man irritably. "Sounds like someone is in trouble."

Woozy twisted his round this way and that. He could hear nothing further. "Mebbe it was a tree falling and snapping," he hazarded. "I've heard old lumberjacks say they do that."

"Nothing doing; Woozy. That was rifle fire."

PLASTIC MAN

Plastic Man turned slowly around, then he caught a faint pink glow far away. He pointed. "Look, Woozy—a fire!"

The little man groaned. That glow was miles off. "Mebbe it's the fire the Rangers are fighting," he said hopefully.

Plastic Man snapped, "Fiddlesticks! That fire is in the opposite direction. Come on, fellow!"

They began plunging through the brush again, feeling the rip and tear of sharp thorns, the thrash of branches across their faces. Suddenly Plastic Man stopped.

"Listen, Woozy," he said. "we'll never come up with it this way. I have another plan. Here, you take the compass and head back to the station. Call the other stations and report this fire. I'll be seeing you later."

"B-but what're you gonna do, Plas?" wailed Woozy.

"Do as I say. Beat it!" shouted Plastic Man.

Woozy turned and trudged off, keeping an eye on the visible compass. What could Plas have up his sleeve? he wondered. But Plas was always pulling things out of his hat. He'd take care of himself, all right.

What Plastic Man was doing was an amazing thing to behold. He came up to the fire-glow after rapidly negotiating the forest in a most unorthodox manner. What he found was a solid wall of flames in an area impossible to bring in heavy equipment. Carefully he went around the fire area, finding that it was confined to a comparatively small area. Several times while he made the circuit he thought he heard screams and yells from inside the fire. People were trapped in there somewhere, he knew.

There was only one thing to do, and Plastic Man did it—the only man in the world who could possibly do such a thing.

The first intimation that help might be near

came to the Runyans when they saw floating down from the smoke-filled sky a huge man-like thing of rubber, inflated to gigantic proportions. It came to rest in the middle of the camp. The wall of fire was all around. From the strange thing came a voice:

"You, there! Bring me the child first. I'll come back for you two."

Clyde gasped.

Mary cried, "Thank heaven! Please save little Molly!" She was leading a sleepy child up to the huge mass of the rubber man. "Oh, save her, mister—whatever you are!"

Plastic Man said, "I'll save her. Then I'll be back for you folks. Remain calm. There is no danger."

With that the monstrous balloon-like man-thing was lifting into the air, clasping the child to him. He set the little girl down a mile away from the fire and floated speedily back, to drop again into the midst of the astonished campers.

"You, now, Missus," said Plastic Man. He soared away with Mrs. Runyan. He set her down beside her daughter.

Then he made the third trip, and the Runyan family were together again, safely out of the fire's range.

Once more Plastic Man deflated himself to human proportions, without explaining his strange ability to the poachers. He led them back to the Ranger's station, where a crew was already forming to battle the new blaze.

Breaking through the Runyans' words of thanks, Plastic Man said, "Just remember that it never pays to overstep the laws regulating either forestry or any other thing. You folks have set off a fire in a closed area. It may endanger the lives of many people and many head of valuable cattle. Heed those signs hereafter!"

Clyde Runyan was properly cowed. "Never again, Mister, I swear it!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1923, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF PLASTIC MAN, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1947.

State of Connecticut) ss.
County of Fairfield) ss.

I, Everett M. Arnold, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of the PLASTIC MAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 23, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1923 and July 2, 1946 (section 557, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenneke, 35 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn. Comic Magazines, Inc., 378 Sumner Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1947.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

PLASTIC MAN



I CAN'T EVEN
USE TEAR GAS!
PEOPLE WON'T
STAND FOR
CRUELTY TO
HORSES!

AND I THOUGHT
I'D WON MY DUEL
WITH HORSEFACE,
WARDEN ... BUT THIS
MAY BE A DAILY
DOUBLE!

DOWN
WITH
PLASTIC
MAN

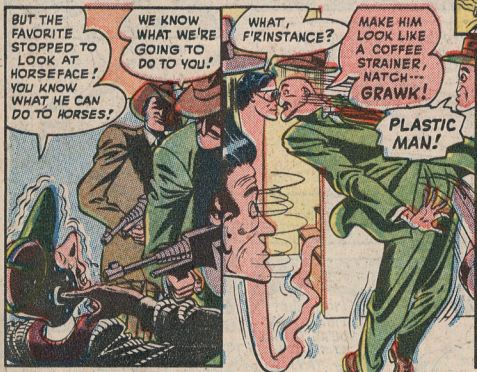
PLASTIC MAN
UNFAIR TO
HORSEFACE

NOT A RACE TRACK
OPEN ANYWHERE! I'D
AS SOON BE DEAD AS
HAVE A POCKET FULL
OF DOUGH AND NO
PLACE TO LOSE IT!

NO RACING
UNTIL
HORSEFACE
IS SPRING!

IF IT MAKES
AN AWFUL WEIGHT,
I'LL HELP YOU
CARRY IT!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

YEAH! YEAH!
GOOD! FINE!
WE'LL WRAP
'EM UP!

WHAT
GIVES,
CAPTAIN?

THREE MOBSTERS GETTING
AWAY FROM THIS JOB WRECKED
THEIR CAR! MY MEN GOT A
QUICK CONFESSION! IT'LL
BE A CINCH TO PICK UP THE
REST OF THE MOB!

SWELL!
I'LL BE
SEEING
YA,
CAPTAIN!

ALL'S WELL
THAT END'S
WELL!

ONLY THERE'S NOTHING
WELL ABOUT IT! AS I SEE
IT, SOMEBODY NAMED
HORSEFACE IS DOING
STRANGE THINGS TO RACE
HORSES! SINCE HE MADE
THE RACES LOOK FIXED, THE
TOUGH BOYS TOOK IT OUT ON
THE BOOKIES AND STABLE
OWNERS!

BUT, PLAS... IT'S
ONLY SLIGHTLY
ILLEGAL TO KNOCK
OFF BOOKIES,
ISN'T IT?

DON'T QUIBBLE,
WOODY! MURDER
IS MURDER, AND UNLESS
I FIND OUT WHAT HORSE-
FACE IS UP TO AND
STOP HIM, THERE'LL
BE MORE AND
BIGGER KILLINGS!

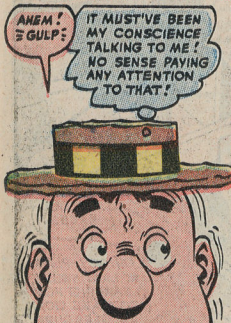
SO
TOMORROW
WE'RE GOING
TO THE
RACES!

OH, BOY, PLAS!
AT LAST YOU'RE
LEARNING HOW
TO MAKE WORK
A PLEASURE!

Next day...

A FINE THING! I KNEW I
SHOULDN'T HAVE LET PLASTIC
MAN LEAVE ME THIS MORNING!
NOW HE JUST ISN'T SHOWING UP!
BUT THAT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO MAKE A SMALL BET!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

... AND COMING INTO THE STRETCH, THAT'S BERTIE P. IN THE LEAD!

COME ON, BERTIE P!
COME ON, BERTIE P!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BERTIE P.? GET GOING!

... AND NOW IT'S BERTIE P. RUNNING LAST... I MEAN, NOT RUNNING AT ALL! COUSIN NORMAN TAKES THE LEAD!

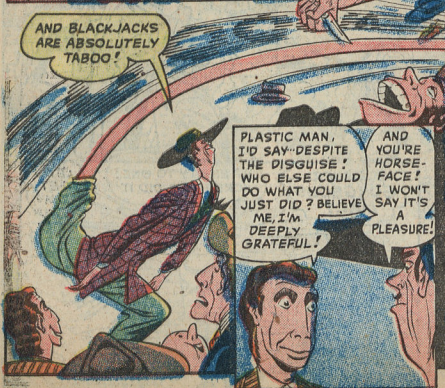
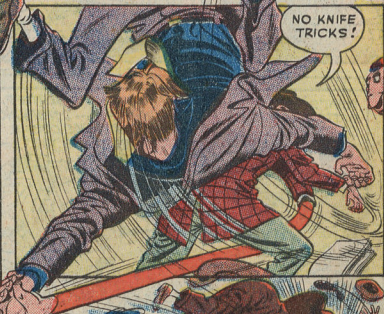
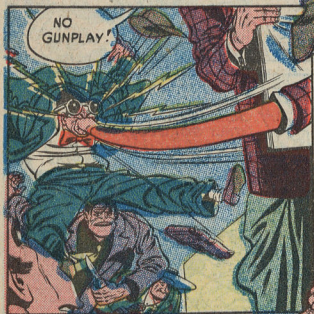
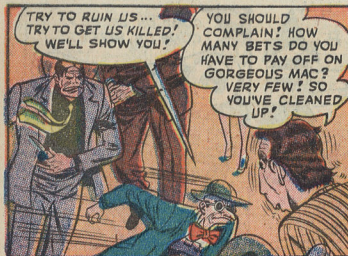
COUSIN NORMAN DROPS BEHIND... HE, TOO, HAS STOPPED RUNNING... SO HAVE THE OTHERS! ONLY GORGEOUS MAC IS UP THERE... GORGEOUS MAC, AHEAD BY SIX LENGTHS!

THE WINNER....
GORGEOUS
MAC!

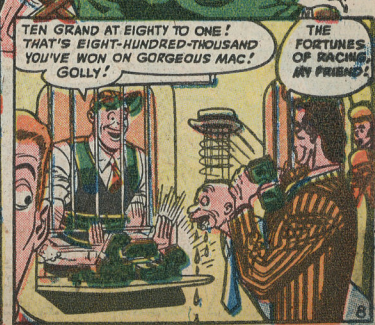
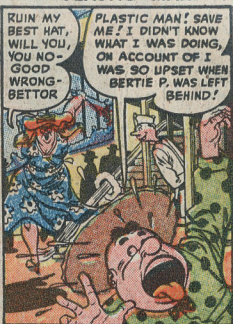
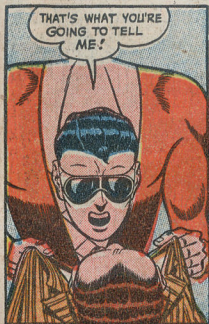
AT EIGHTY TO ONE!
HORSEFACE DID IT
AGAIN!

LET'S
GET
HIM!

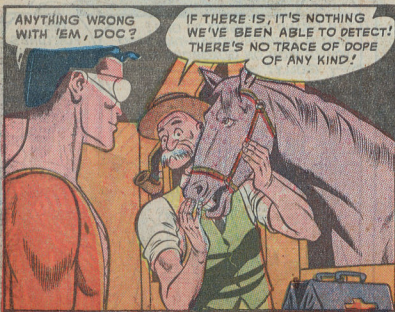
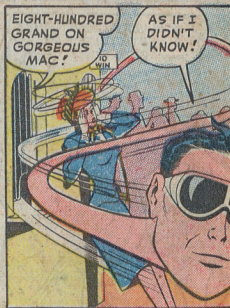
PLASTIC MAN



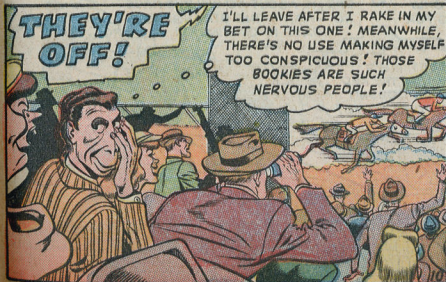
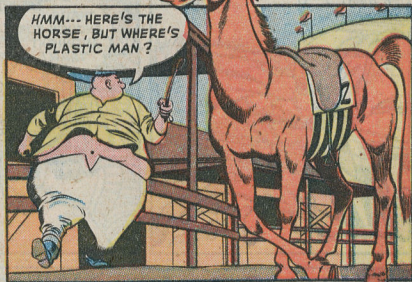
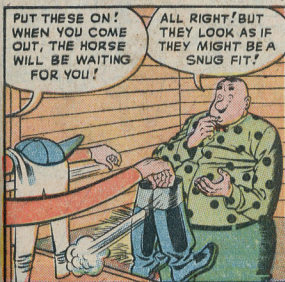
PLASTIC MAN



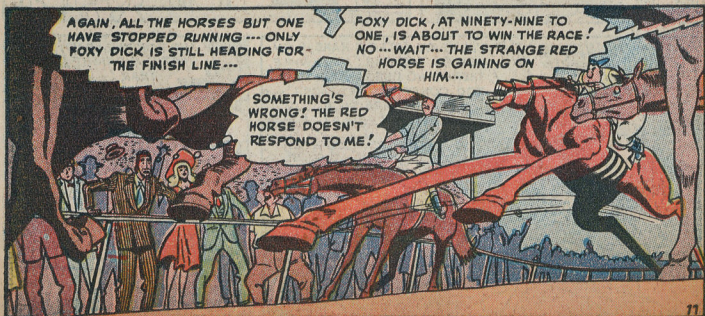
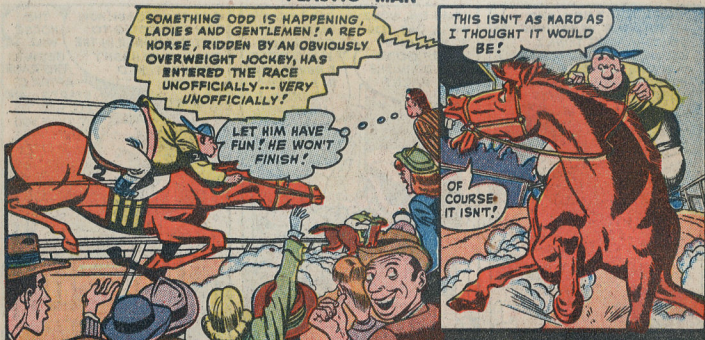
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

HE'S TRYING TO KEEP FOXY DICK FROM FINISHING! I'VE NEVER SEEN A HORSE LIKE THAT RED ONE!

THEY'RE IN THE STRETCH... AND WE AIN'T KIDDIN'!

IF HE WON'T RESPOND TO ME, HE'LL RESPOND TO A BULLET! FOXY DICK **MUST** WIN! MY FORTUNE IS ON HIM!

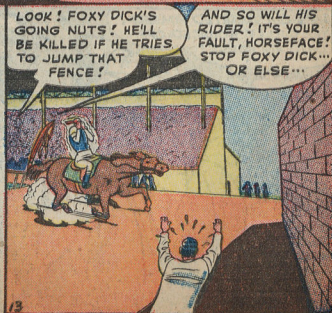
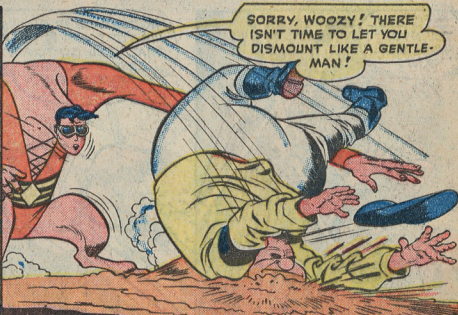
LET'S SEE YOU STOP FOXY DICK NOW!

HORSEFACE IS BLOWING HIS TOP! THIS IS THE PROOF THAT HE'LL GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO GET HIS HORSE IN!

HE'S OUTSMARTED HIMSELF! THE BULLET BOUNCED OFF ONTO HIS HORSE!

THIS IS A VERY UNUSUAL DAY, FOLKS! FOXY DICK SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN HURT BY SOMETHING! HE'S TURNING AROUND AND RUNNING THE OTHER WAY!

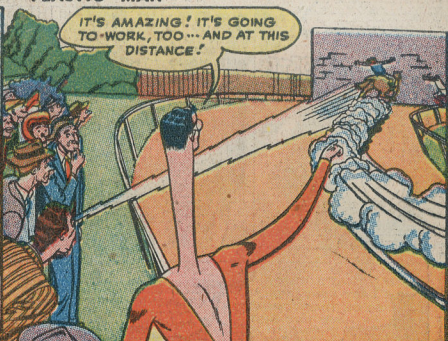
PLASTIC MAN



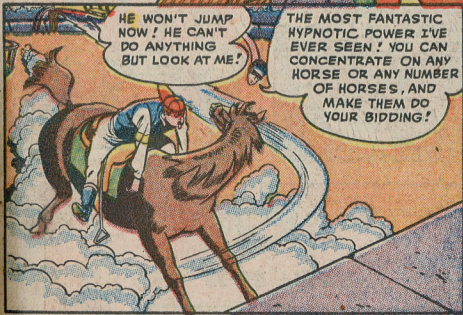
PLASTIC MAN



I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!



IT'S AMAZING! IT'S GOING TO WORK, TOO... AND AT THIS DISTANCE!

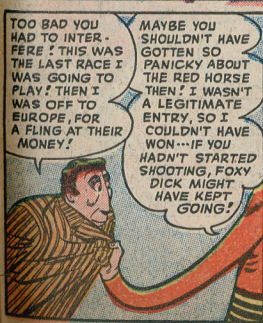


HE WON'T JUMP NOW! HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING BUT LOOK AT ME!

THE MOST FANTASTIC HYPNOTIC POWER I'VE EVER SEEN! YOU CAN CONCENTRATE ON ANY HORSE OR ANY NUMBER OF HORSES, AND MAKE THEM DO YOUR BIDDING!



YOU GET IT, PLASTIC MAN! I'VE HAD THE GIFT SINCE I WAS A CHILD! Y'SEE, I'M ONE GUY THAT WAS RAISED IN A BARN! SO HORSES AND ME UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!



TOO BAD YOU HAD TO INTERFERE! THIS WAS THE LAST RACE I WAS GOING TO PLAY! THEN I WAS OFF TO EUROPE, FOR A FLING AT THEIR MONEY!

MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO PANICKY ABOUT THE RED HORSE THEN! I WASN'T A LEGITIMATE ENTRY, SO I COULDN'T HAVE WON... IF YOU HADN'T STARTED SHOOTING, FOXY DICK MIGHT HAVE KEPT GOING!



SO I'VE GOT A HOT TEMPER! DO YOU HAVE TO RUB IT IN?

A HOT TEMPER, EH? YOU'LL HAVE A LONG TIME TO COOL IT! FIXING RACES IS A PENAL OFFENSE, EVEN IF YOU DO IT BY HYPNOSIS!



PLAS, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I'VE GOT A SURE THING IN THE NEXT RACE!

THERE IS NO SURE THING, WOZZY! ASK HORSEFACE!

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IN
"SHOW
TIME"



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